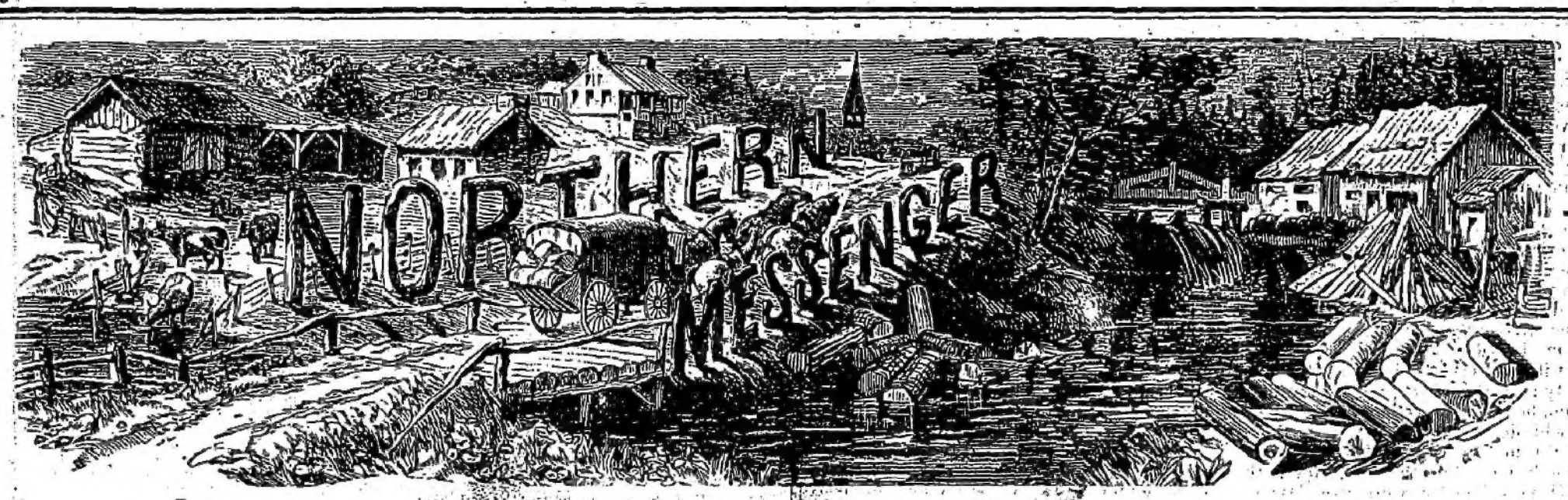

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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HOW THE GOSPEL WAS *FIRST* PLANTED IN COREA.

MRS. FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE, BALTIMORE, MD.

In a recent letter written from Corea, by a missionary, he says, "This island is far less attractive than Japan, as a mission-field. It is not a great empire, with a great history; but a weak people, surrounded by strong and avaricious neighbors. Yet the Coreans seem frank, intelligent, and companionable, and inclined to be religious. Introduce Protestant Christianity, and they will believe."

Within the past five years, this has been attempted,—i.e., the introduction of Protestant Christianity,—and the belief that the Coreans would readily receive the Gospel has been in a measure verified. This populous peninsula, which for many years was closed against all European nations, and during the administration of the late Regent was the scene of such bloody persecutions of the native Christians, is now thrown open, not only to trade and Western civilization, but also to the introduction of the gospel. Missionaries are freely permitted to take up their abode in any of the Corean cities or towns, and no hinderances have been put in the way of their efforts for the evangelization of the people. On the contrary, the present king, now in his thirty-fourth year, seems earnestly to desire the good of his people, and lends his aid in the establishment of schools and Christian missions.

TRAVELLING IN COREA.

In many respects, Corea seems a nation prepared for the Lord. They have, in our day, really no national religion; i. e., none that is indigenous to their country, or specially enthroned in their affections. For though nominally Buddhist at the present time, this wide-spread system was not introduced into Corea till the middle of the fourth century; and, to win its acceptance, the Buddhist priests found it necessary to claim the local deities as previous incarnations of Buddha, and the new religion as only an advanced form of the old. The ruse succeeded; and for all these centuries, this hoary superstition has had full sway among these simple-hearted Coreans, though with some commingling of *Confucianism* and *Taouism*, the natural out-growth of their constant association with their Chinese neighbors. From the early planting of Kishi's colony, about the beginning of the Christian era, the Coreans seem to have taken kindly to the Chinese—in part because of the gentle sway of the poet courtier Kishi, and yet more for the many arts of civilized life he brought with him to the "Hermit-land." For hundreds of years the Coreans continued to reap the good fruits of the seeds of wisdom and knowledge planted by Kishi. But in process of time quarrels arose; and the Chinese and Japanese vied with each other in oppression and extortion against the poor Coreans, whose territory lying just between these rival powers, leaves them seemingly as helpless as is the grist between a pair of crushing mill stones.

Now Corea claims to be independent, and boasts a young sovereign who is brave enough to think for himself, and to seek for his people growth in knowledge and in excellence. Buddhism is no longer so heartily accepted as formerly, and its haughty priests cannot, as they once did, lord it over the bodies and souls of a down-trodden people. A missionary, recently writing from Seoul, the capital of Corea, says, "There is not one Buddhist temple within these city walls, and some of the Coreans say that Buddhist priests are not allowed to enter the city." And thus, as they are being weaned from former superstitions, may we not hope that the hearts of the poor Coreans will be opened, like Lydia's, to receive the gospel of salvation, as soon as it is made known to them?

Among many efforts made during the present century to carry the gospel into Corea, and with little apparent success, one seed of sacred truth was planted by a little Chinese lad, shortly before Corea was opened to missionary effort; and this, so far as we know, was the first in all the Hermit-kingdom to spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

This little boy's name was Ah-Fung; and he had been taught at one of the mission-schools at Ningpo to read the Bible, and go to Jesus in prayer, whenever he was in need of help. His father, who was a converted Chinese, took Ah-Fung, when he was about nine years old, with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Corean capital. In a riot that occurred on the street, the little boy got separated from his father, and by some mishap was stolen, and concealed by the thief till his father left the city. Then the rogue pretended that the little lad was his orphan cousin, and sold him to the governor of the fort, who in turn presented him to his wife, to wait on her and attend her as a page when she went out in her sedan. Ah-Fung was at first very unhappy, and wept and prayed day and night; but he trusted in God, and felt sure that all would be right in the end. The poor, unloved wife of this rich officer felt very sorry for the forlorn child, and tried to comfort him as well as she knew how. She had never been happy in her married life, and was glad of any object to divert her mind from her own loneliness and sorrow, besides pitying the gentle-spoken lad, who seemed like herself in having no one to love. After a while, God gave her a dear little baby girl; and the young mother grew very fond of it, seeming to smile less sadly, and sometimes to be almost happy. Ah-Fung was always with them; and, as he soon learned to speak the Corean language, he often attempted to tell his gentle young mistress of the Saviour he loved and trusted in. Then, as he caressed the bright-eyed, beautiful baby, or swung its silken cradle to and fro, to keep off the flies, he looked forward to the time when he might fold the tiny, dimpled hands, and teach his dear little playmate to say "Our Father." But the baby was yet too young to learn the precious name of Jesus, and the heart of the fond, girlish mother grew too full of joy in her darling, to leave room for any other love. So she did not care to listen to Ah-Fung's story of Jesus and His salvation; but only smiled sweetly and said, "Oh, yes, it is very nice, I dare say; and you can tell the baby by-and-by, when she is older. But I am too happy now to listen or think about your Jesus." The little lad thought it strange that anybody should be too happy or too busy to think about Jesus; but none of them knew how it was to end, or understood God's purposes of love and mercy toward the sweet young mother and her beautiful babe.

As the months wore on, the lovely flower, so bright and beauteous to the loving mother, withered in her arms, and was borne away by the "reaper Death." Then, in her great loneliness and sorrow, she recalled the words of her little page, "about Jesus and his love;" and she asked him to tell her the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk to his beautiful young mistress of the tender, compassionate Saviour who loves little children, and makes them always happy in his own bright home, far away; while the sorrowing mother seemed never to weary of listening to the oft-told tale. "Did he love my baby?" she asked

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one day, with tearful voice; "and if he loved her, why did he let her die?"—"I am sure he did love her," said Ah-Fung; "and he is taking care of her in his beautiful home, till you go up there, too. The good missionary's little babe died, and she told me that Jesus had many, many little children up there, and that he is taking care of them all, till their parents come too, when he will give them all back to their fathers and mothers."—"But how can I get up there?" said the yearning mother. "Where is my baby? Is it alive? How can I ever get it again?"—"I don't know how, dear lady; but if we love him, and trust it all to him, he will take us somehow, and we shall see his dear face, and get all we love back again in some way. He says this to us. Won't you trust the dear baby with him, and take him for your own Saviour too, till he calls you too to his beautiful home above, and gives back our darling, that he is only keeping for you?" Thus did the little captive boy preach Jesus to the sorrowing mother, whose heart was made tender by bereavement, and drawn upward by the little one Jesus had borne away to heaven; and so, she, too, learned to walk in the blessed path that leads to happiness, to glory, and to God.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

STEWART CAVERTON.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

The curtain rises upon a comfortably furnished room—soft carpet, good furniture, warm-colored curtains, well-filled bookshelves, and a glowing fire casting a cheerful light over all. This is the home of Joseph Harper. On a sofa near the fire sat Mina, his eldest daughter; she is not a beauty, yet her *fair* skin, silky auburn hair, and deep blue eyes make her quite attractive. The door opens, and as the girl looks up the color deepens in her cheeks. The young man seated himself beside her and the two talked long and earnestly. "Well, Stewart," Mina said, "I dare not trust my happiness to your keeping, knowing how easily you are persuaded to use intoxicants." With a look of pride and reproach Stewart replied: "Then you doubt my love?" "No, no," while tears came to the girl's eyes; "I believe no man could love me more fondly than you do, but if you cannot refuse to drink for my sake before marriage what security is there for you afterwards?" Stewart looked thoughtful, and the anger faded from his honest eyes as he said: "I believe you are about right, and it will be safer for me to abstain altogether." The result of this conversation was that Mina Harper promised to be the wife of Stewart Caverton on condition that he would publicly pledge himself to abstain from the use of all intoxicants.

Mina Harper had been brought up and educated in a temperance home. She had been taught to look upon strong drink as a dangerous and deadly poison. In her lover's case it was the opposite. It was used in his father's house as an article of diet, as one of God's good gifts to mankind. Brought up with such views, it does not surprise us that Stewart thought Mina rather too rigid on this question, and Mr. Harper rather fanatical.

He had, however, some knowledge of his weakness, and his love for Mina was true and deep, so that, although he felt a little ashamed of himself, he resolved and meant to keep his pledge.

When Stewart left Mina a ring upon her finger gleamed and sparkled in the firelight. Alas! it was a long farewell that was spoken that night. It was still early in the night as Stewart threaded his way along the streets of his native town. When within a few streets of his home he was accosted by a friend, who slipped his hand through Stewart's arm, saying familiarly: "Come along, old fellow, and we'll have a glass together." Stewart mumbled something about the lateness of the hour. "What! late at a quarter of ten?" With that he led his half-reluctant friend along two or three streets until they came opposite a brilliantly-lighted saloon; going round to a side entrance, he entered a private room and rang the bell. While the waiter was bringing a decanter of brandy and hot water Stewart summoned up courage to tell his friend upon what conditions he was to marry Miss Harper. Laughing good-naturedly, the young man said: "Well, well, if you are going to be teetotal to-morrow we will have a parting glass to-night."

So the two grew quite confidential over their toddy, then merry, and finally about midnight they parted, Stewart's brain in a more muddled state than it had ever been before. He wandered up and down several streets, but somehow couldn't find the right turn.

Seeing a lamp a little ahead of him, he went forward, thinking in a kind of hazy way that it might help him. He goes too close to the lamp-post, stumbles, and falls into the canal. The lamp had been placed there to show a broken place in the railing around the water. He must have hit his head, for save one moan he did not speak again. A night watchman around the corner fancied he heard a splash, but after listening a moment he decided that he must have been mistaken. Next morning search was made for Stewart Caverton, and his body was found in the canal not far from where he had fallen in. Watch and purse were both on him, so death was brought in by the coroner as "purely accidental."

We may imagine but cannot describe the distress of Mina Harper. It was a life-long sorrow. Bitter, too, was the grief of the friend who urged Stewart to forget his newly made resolves. Although he repented heartily, and from that day sought to save others from the snares of the dram-shop, he had always the thought that but for him Stewart might have been alive and well. Strange to say, the knowledge that their son met his death through his indulgence in stimulants did not cause his parents to hate the cursed stuff. They mourned the loss of an obedient and devoted son, but were sorry that he had been so weak as to take drink to excess.

Such is the force of habit, training, and education that even after such a terrible lesson as this, God-fearing men will say: "Drink is a good thing, only drink in moderation."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A BLACK SAINT.

The mighty power of the Gospel was strikingly illustrated by Rev. R. Wright Hay (West Africa) at the Baptist Missionary meeting. Telling of the first mission party landing at Fernando Po in 1841, he said they preached to some liberated negroes found on the island:—

There was a young woman in the little congregation, hanging upon the preacher's lips, and she has told me again and again that, as she listened to the missionaries preach and pray, it seemed that the Jesus of whom they spoke was no stranger to her, although she had never heard His name; He was so alike the friend she had long felt she needed. That young woman was one of the five converts baptized during the first year of our West African mission. She is alive to-day, and the testimony of all who have known her *is*, that during these forty-five years she has, by the grace of God, maintained a consistent, high, and beautiful Christian walk and conversation. She has labored for years in the Gospel at Victoria, teaching in the day school, conducting a Bible class and a class for inquirers, visiting the Baquilli in their huts. People from long distances all round anxious about spiritual things will just as readily come to her as to the missionary, so well does she know her Bible and understand the mind of God. Ay, and often during my term of service at Victoria, when I was disappointed and troubled and perplexed, the one place other than the Throne of Grace to which I would go for comfort and guidance was the simple home of that saintly negress. Again and again I have sat down beside her, and she has taken her Bible and pointed to me some promise to the Father, which for the time being I had lost sight of; again and again I have been able to draw water for my thirsty spirit out of the well of her experience of God's grace and goodness.

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

1. July 3.—The Infant Jesus. Matt. 2:1-12.
2. July 10.—The Flight into Egypt. Matt. 2:13-23.
3. July 17.—John the Baptist. Matt. 3:1-12.
4. July 24.—The Baptism of Jesus. Matt. 3:13-17.
5. July 31.—The Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4:1-11.
6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4:17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5:1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5:17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6:1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6:24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7:1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7:13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 15:8-14. Missions. Matt. 4:12-16.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JULY 24.

COMMIT VERSES 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3:17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

All workers for Jesus need ordinances, righteousness, the Holy Spirit, and the approval of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 3:13-17.
T. Mark 1:9-11.
W. Luke 3:21-23.
Th. John 1:28-34.
F. 1 Cor. 12:4-13.
Sa. John 16:7-15.
Su. *Acts* 1:1-8.

TIME.—*January* A.D. 27. After John had been preaching several months.

PLACE.—Bethabara (*ford-house*), called also Bethany (*boat-house*), at the *fords* of the *Jordan near Jericho.*

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 1:9-11; Luke 3:21-23; see John 1:28-34.

INTRODUCTORY.—*Jesus* now takes the first step in his public ministry, by coming to the place where his forerunner was preaching and baptizing the people.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

13. THEN COMETH JESUS—now about 30 years old (Luke 3:23). FROM GALILEE—Nazareth, where his home had been. TO JORDAN—see Place. It was 70 or 80 miles. Luke (3:21) says it was "when all the people were baptized," toward the close of the day. 14. JOHN FORBADE tried to hinder him by voice and gesture. I HAVE NEED, etc.—*John* was not quite sure yet that this was the Messiah (John 1:33). He probably had not seen Jesus for many years; but he must have known about him and his wondrous childhood. 15. SUFFER IT—permit it. TO FULFIL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS—he would submit to the ordinance which was to be the entrance to his kingdom, and would endorse John and his baptism as from heaven. It was Jesus' public renunciation of all sin (that was in the world, not in himself) and consecration to his work. He submitted to the washing, which was part of the consecration of priests (Ex. 29:4.) 16. AND LO—*this was while Jesus* was praying (Luke 3:21). AND HE SAW—as did *John* (John 1:32). THE SPIRIT OF GOD DESCENDING LIKE A DOVE—in the form of a dove, expressing gentleness, love, innocence, purity, the sweetest and most heavenly character. LIGHTING UPON HIM—the dove was transient, but the spirit abode upon him (John 1:32). 17. A VOICE FROM HEAVEN—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit were all engaged in this scene. THIS IS MY BELOVED SON—these words were spoken on three occasions,—here, at the transfiguration (Mark 9:7), and near the close of his ministry (John 12:28).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did we last learn of Jesus? Who had appeared to announce the coming of the Messiah? What was the subject of his preaching? What religious ordinance did he institute? In what Gospels is there a record of the baptism of Jesus?

SUBJECT: ENTERING UPON WORK FOR GOD.

I. THE LONG PREPARATION.—How old was Jesus at this time? (Luke 3:23.) What had he been doing all those years? How was this long period of retirement a preparation for his life work? Do we need such a preparation?

II. PUBLIC PROFESSION AND OBEDIENCE (vs. 13-15).—*Where was John baptizing?* From what place did Jesus come to him? How far? What was his object? How did John receive this proposal? What reason did Jesus give why he wished to be baptized? What did he mean by "fulfil all righteousness"?

Why ought we to be baptized? What good does it do to keep the ordinances of religion? Can one be an effective teacher without this obedience? Does every unrighteousness hinder the worker for God? In what way?

III. BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT (v. 16).—What was Jesus doing when he went up from his baptism? (Luke 3:21.) What came in answer to prayer? Why did the Spirit come in the form of a dove? What is said of the influences of the Spirit upon Jesus? (John 3:34.)

How does the Spirit help us in serving God? (John 15:26; 16:7-11; Rom. 15:13; 1 Cor. 12:4-11; Acts 1:8; 5:32.) What are some of the blessings the Spirit brings to us? (John 7:38 39; 14:16; Acts 1:8; Rom. 5:5; 8:1; 14:17; 2 Cor. 3:17; Gal. 5:5, 16; 6:8; Eph. 2:18; 5:18, 19.)

IV. THE APPROVAL OF GOD (v. 17).—What voice came *from heaven? On* what other occasions were the same words spoken from heaven? (Mark 9:7; John 12:28.) What was the object of this voice? How may we have the approval of God? How may we know when we are called to God's work?

LESSON V.—JULY 31.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—MATT. 4:1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2:18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our victory over temptation is through Jesus Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 4:1-11.
T. Luke 4:1-13.
W. Gen. 3:1-13.
Th. Heb. 2:6-18.
F. Heb. 4:8-16.
Sa. Deut. 8:1-10.
Su. James 1:1-16.

PLACE.—The northern part of the wilderness of Judea; probably in Mount Quarantania, west of the Jordan, south of Jericho, east of Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 1:12, 13; Luke 4:1-13.

INTRODUCTION.—1. How could Christ, a perfectly holy being, be tempted? In every act of sin are two parts: (1) the *natural desire*, which is right; (2) the indulgence of that desire in forbidden *circumstances*. As, *hunger* is not wrong, but it may tempt us to steal food, which is wrong. Christ had the innocent desires, and therefore could be tempted. 2. These temptations were real temptations, as real as ours, and he had no helps which we have not. 3. The reasons why he was tempted: (1) That he might sympathize with us in our temptations: (2) to show us that we can resist; (3) to show us how we can overcome. (4) It was a test whether Christ was able to be our Messiah—our Saviour. 4. The *manner* of the temptations: These were real occurrences—an actual temptation by a personal devil, but not in the form or appearance of Satan. Satan always disguises himself as some angel of light when he tempts us. It is likely that the appearance on the pinnacle, and the vision of the kingdoms of the earth, were in thought or vision.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. WILDERNESS—see Place. TO BE TEMPTED—to be tried and proved. THE DEVIL—Satan, the great adversary of man. 2. AN HUNGERED—very hungry, an de-peciality liable to temptation. 3. THE TEMPTER—Satan, so called because he is always trying to tempt men to sin. IN THIS (AND IN EACH) TEMPTATION, NOTE FOUR THINGS—(1) What was the allurement to the deed?—Intense hunger. (2) What was wrong in turning stones to bread?—It would have prevented him from being tempted as we are, and hence He could not have been our Saviour. (3) The means of victory—God's word and promises. 4. IT IS WRITTEN—in Deut. 8:3. BY EVERY WORD, etc.—not by food alone, but by spiritual food. Not by the ordinary food, but God has many ways (words, commands) in which to supply our wants, without our doing wrong. (4) Of what *temptations* are these a type?—Temptations of appetites, pleasures, the body. 5. TAKETH HIM—*either literally*, or in thought or vision. PINNACLE—Herod's royal *portico*, overhanging the valley, at least three hundred feet above the ground below. 6. CAST THYSELF DOWN—(1) What was the temptation?—To come down marvellously, as if from heaven, and so be received as a prophet and king, without suffering or death. WRITTEN—in Ps. 91:11. HE SHALL GIVE, etc.—quoted to show that Jesus would be safe in obeying Satan's suggestion. (2) What was the sin?—It was a false use of God's promises. It was denying and defying God's plan for the Messiah. He could not then have been a Saviour from sin, but only a glorious king. 7. TEMPT THE LORD—trifle with his promises; act as if God had promised what he had not. (3) The victory: by simply refusing to do wrong. He overcame by the Scriptures. (4) Our like temptations: to do right in a wrong way; to sin a little in hopes to gain a great good; to use God's promises in a wrong way. 8. SHEWETH HIM—by a vision. 9. WILL I GIVE THEE—I will persuade men to accept of you as the Messiah; will withdraw my opposition. (1) What was the temptation?—To have immediate and outward success in establishing the kingdom of God, without a life of suffering and death. (2) What was the sin?—It was yielding up God and the saving of men from sin, for an outward success. It was gaining success in Satan's way. WORSHIP ME—not in form, but in reality, as men worship money, or fame, or fashion. (3) THE VICTORY:—God's word, straightforward duty (v. 10).

SUBJECT: TEMPTATIONS AND THE VICTORY OVER THEM.

I. THE FORTY DAYS' BATTLE WITH TEMPTATION (vs. 1, 2).—Where did Jesus go as soon as he was baptized? Does this lesson describe a real occurrence? Who is meant by the Devil? Did Satan appear literally, in person? Why was it necessary that Jesus should be thus tempted? (Heb. 2:18.) Could he have helped us if he himself had failed? How could a perfect being be tempted? Did he have helps that we have not? (Heb. 4:15.) Is there often such battle at the beginning of the Christian life? (Matt. 6:24, 33.) How long did Jesus fast? What took place during those forty days? (Mark 1:13.)

How could the Holy Spirit lead Jesus into temptation? What petition about temptation in the Lord's Prayer? What does James say about temptation? (James 1:2, 3.) How do you reconcile these sayings? Why does God permit us to be so sorely tempted? Deut. 8:1-3; 1 Pet. 1:7.) Why was it necessary that our Saviour should be tempted like as we are, and why was it also necessary that he should gain the victory?

II. THE FIRST TEMPTATION THROUGH BODILY APPETITE (vs. 3, 4).—What was the first temptation? How could this tempt him? Why was it wrong? How did Jesus gain the victory? Where are these words written? (Deut. 8:3.) What does it mean? What temptations have we like this one? How can we overcome them?

III. THE SECOND TEMPTATION TO GAIN NOBLE ENDS IN FALSE WAYS (vs. 5-7).—What was the second temptation? Why should this tempt Jesus? What was this pinnacle of the temple? What was the sin in casting himself down? What promise did Satan quote? (Ps. 91:11.) How did Jesus gain the victory? Where is this verse found? (Deut. 6:16.) How would casting himself down have been tempting the Lord? What temptations have we like this?

IV. THE THIRD TEMPTATION TO GAIN SUCCESS BY SINFUL PRACTICES (vs. 8-10).—What did Satan next show Jesus? Literally, or in a vision? What did he mean by giving them to Jesus? What was there in this to tempt a holy Jesus? Why was it wrong? What must Jesus do to gain them? How did Jesus overcome? Where is this verse found? (Deut. 6:13.) How are we tempted like this? For how much less than the whole world do many worship Satan? How will the verse Jesus quotes help us to overcome?

V. CONSOLATION AFTER THE BATTLE (v. 11). What did Satan do after this? Who came instead? Why does God give us rest from temptation? Have you felt the peace which comes after a victory?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FALLACIES CONCERNING DOMESTIC SERVICE.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

While we are hearing of the sufferings of those working-women who, it is said, prefer ceaseless, hopeless toil, and semi-starvation in their own overcrowded garrets to the restraints and degradation of domestic service, we may well ask where they have obtained their knowledge, or rather imbibed their prejudice, were it not that consideration of the matter induces one to believe there is no preference. They sew and starve because others sew and starve, and to do so requires no effort, only endurance. To take service, if the thought has ever entered their minds, needs energy and courage to face the new and unknown conditions of life, and they are withheld by a vague dread.

No truer service can be rendered to these unfortunates than to clear away the false impressions that may exist in the minds of the women themselves, or refute by a statement of the facts, which any observer can verify, the foolish ideas afloat as to the relative position of the domestic and the sewing-woman. For this reason it should be the aim of every one who comes in contact with them, or can reach them in any way, to show them the contrast between the comfort they refuse and the misery they accept.

The foolish ideas with regard to domestic service are that the sewing-woman in her garret, bare, cold, and hungry, is free, while the servant is not; that the sewing-woman is independent and cannot be "ordered round," and that her "time is her own." The facts are that the sewing woman is a slave of the greedy taskmaster who grinds her down to the verge of starvation, while the one who chooses woman's natural work in the house that needs her is the really free woman.

If the sewing woman does not like her work she dare not quit it; to do so means starvation. If the taskmaster cheats her she dares not refuse to be cheated; her work will be taken from her and given to one of the dozens waiting to take her place. If she is brutally spoken to, she dare not resent it; and there are, we are assured, worse things than cheating and brutality that she must submit to without resentment, or be marked for persecution. So much for being her own mistress. And this ceaseless, ill-paid work is performed under every form of physical discomfort, in bad air, in overcrowded rooms, in winter cold, in torrid summer heat, with insufficient food, and sickly, ill-clad body. The time which she calls her own, where is it, when the machine runs from morning till night? After the day's task is done? When we know the pittance she earns we may be quite sure that day's task will not be done so long as human nature can bear up against fatigue. The time between the cessation of work until it begins again must surely be a stupor of exhaustion. Can the weary woman then give herself up to the pleasures of "home"? Can she take the recreation for which being "mistress of her own time" is supposed to give opportunity? Contrast this veritable slavery with the freedom of the domestic servant. If she does not like her place she leaves. Whether she performs her part of the bargain between herself and her employer or not, she is paid. There are no pretexts for reducing her wages for work imperfectly done, nor reductions made because the shirts and collars, or table-linen, she has undertaken to iron, but does badly, have to be sent to the laundry and paid for. If she has temporary illness, days when some family crisis, the arrival of kindred from abroad, or wakes, or weddings, or funerals, make her desire a day off, she has it without loss of money, the mistress often making strenuous effort, putting off or changing her own plans for this purpose; for, be it said ever so gently, there is in the majority of cases very little choice in the matter—if Delia does not get the holiday, she leaves her place at a *moment's* notice.

It is only the domestic servant, among working people, who is thus paid for the time she enjoys. The shop-girl or factory hand is fined for every five minutes she is late or not working. The domestic is under no such espionage.

If the domestic servant's work is not satisfactory she may be told of it, and it is possible that a long-suffering employer may lose self-control and get angry, considering that she is only human, and express her anger; but exceptional indeed must be the lady who speaks to a dependent as women are spoken to in factories and stores. If directions are given, it is usually done with a studious and generally sympathetic regard for her susceptibilities. Her day's work would be long, if she were working from the time she builds her fire in the morning, shortly after six, till she washes dishes at seven in the evening; but this is far from being the case. If she is single-handed in the family, on washing and ironing day she may work the whole day, as she would do if she were the mother of a family, without any of the aids to work she has in service; but on other days there are hours of leisure which largely depend on her own activity and ability. In these days the housework is all comparatively light, for there is no scrubbing of floors to snowy whiteness, no carrying of hot and cold water up three or four flights of stairs, and very little carrying of coals. Moreover, her work has that excellent quality of variety, and rarely is there any rush or drive, unless her own mismanagement makes her waste time one part of the day, which she must make up the other.

Of course employers cannot always be well-to-do; many are forced to live plainly, although the characteristic of American housekeeping is profusion of food; but where poverty is, the employer shares it. Yet under the least favorable conditions the food is very different from the bread and tea of the needle-women, and the cases are rare when it is not abundant, and not far better in quality than even the well-to-do of her own class would provide for themselves.

Of course there are restraints in service, as in every other work by which money is made, and some of the most objectionable to the servant herself, such as having to be in the house at a reasonable hour, the inability to go out every night, etc., are such as a mother would impose on her daughter, or wish for her wherever she might place her. It is unfortunately true in this day and generation, as in all that have gone before, that there is no way of earning a living, or even of conscientiously doing our life part, without giving up some of our liberty and our time; but of all ways by which a working-woman can make her living there is not one by which she can do it so easily, so independently, and so healthfully as in domestic service.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PLAIN DRESS FOR CHURCH.

Can we not, by our influence, induce Christians, at least, to dress more plainly when they appear in the house of God? Do we not all know that the poor—and among them is very generally the family of the poor inebriate, who sadly need the consolation and help that the means of grace afford to the forlorn and sorrowing—are habitually kept away from the house of God because they cannot brook the scorn and contempt, or, to say the least, the neglect they encounter if they venture into our houses of worship, even though their apparel be neat and wholesome. Only the past week I met a lady who has been staying away from church, though it is just across the way from her, because, on account of her reduced circumstances, she could not replenish her wardrobe, though I had never noticed when I saw her there, but that everything was right with her apparel. I could not persuade her to attend. This thing is nearly universal in this country. I am happy to know that the evil is far less in England. A distinguished divine from that country, who has recently visited America—Rev. Newman Hall, if I mistake not—remarked to a friend, as he was passing out of a large and fashionable church in the city of New York: "Do your American ladies indeed go from church to some place of amusement"? It seems to be our own sex, for the most part, that is open to censure in this regard, consequently it is fitting that our sex should undertake the reform. Besides, the W.C.T.U. has become a great power in our land, and it is fast becoming unpopular to oppose them in anything they undertake. Whatever is taken under the wing of the W.C.T.U. at once gains prestige and commands respect. Through the local unions it could, in a short space of time, be brought to the attention of a vast number of the Christian women of our country. It would seem that they might easily be made to see that if they have costly apparel it should be reserved for some other occasion than for display in the house of God. See I. Tim. 2:9; I. Pet. 3:3.—*E. O. Andrews in Union Signal.*

PASSIONATE BABIES.

I have been speaking of crime beginnings and crime prevention, in those families only which are called respectable. A very large proportion of our embezzlers, forgers, and many of our thieves, come from such families. There is a smaller portion from this class, that commit what are known as crimes of passion. For these, too, there is greater blame to be put upon the parents than often is put there. Many a passionate child rules the household. The little baby on his mother's knee goes into a passion because his dinner is withheld from him, or some toy denied him. He shrieks, and strikes his mother; and the mother says: "Poor little boy, he has such a passionate nature; he can't be crossed," and yields to him. She ought to spank him—spank him hard, for being in a passion, and give him nothing till his passion has cooled. The child, though he be so young that he cannot speak, if he be old enough to lift his fist and strike a blow, deserves punishment,—needs to have a lesson of repression taught him. The mother who neglects this, increases the chances of her son's going to the gallows. When the child is older, there are better disciplinary punishments than spanking; but when the child reaches such an age that they are useful, it may be too late; his temper may have grown into a dominating force in his character, that can not be eradicated. Mothers sometimes say, when a child shows a vile temper, and shrieks a great deal, that it would endanger his life to punish him; perhaps so, but you still more endanger his future, if you don't punish him. Many a gallows tragedy has had its beginning on the mother's lap.—*W. F. M. Journal.*

LET THE CHILDREN HAVE LUNCH.

April's closing number of *Good Housekeeping* comes to my table fresh and vigorous in all its departments. I am pleased with Mrs. C. H. Potter's sensible article entitled "Let the Children Have Lunch." I believe that children require food oftener than grown folks, and that to limit them to three meals a day may be to torture them, and do them a great injustice. But I will let Mrs. Potter express her sentiments and my own, as she most decidedly does:

"I have seen children, the quantity and quality of whose meals and the time of serving, were most religiously looked to, who were yet so ungrateful and dissatisfied as to watch with hungry, longing eyes the generous slice of bread and butter in the hands of a playmate whose mother was not prejudiced against lunches between meals. And I have seen those same children help themselves surreptitiously from a plate of food that was left within their reach.

"Oh, how I pitied those children! and I both blamed and pitied their parents. They were high-minded and of estimable character in every respect, and if they had been aware that their children had been guilty of theft to appease their hunger they would have suffered an agony of grief and mortification, and they would have felt it their duty to inflict a punishment in proportion to their estimate of the fault or crime, which would have been anything but slight, judging by the height of the moral standpoint up to which all members of their family were desired and expected to live. However, in consideration of the fact that the children were sorely tempted, in consequence of too strict limits in regard to food necessary to their comfort and health, I decided that the matter was too delicate for me to handle, so did not meddle with it; that is, I did not inform the parents of the theft to which their children had been incited by the overpowering craving of their poorly nurtured stomachs, so they escaped punishment.

"I resolved, there and then, that no child of mine should ever suffer with hunger to an extent which would compel it to stoop to take that which did not belong to it, with which to appease its natural craving for food, though all the people in the world should proclaim to me the advisability of stinting it in the matter of its daily allowance of good, substantial food. It is safer to let each stomach, little or big, speak for itself as to the quantity of food needed to keep it in working order, and then pay due attention to quality and preparation. This, I am inclined to believe, is the better way to pursue, at least in cases of children naturally healthy and active. Such, engaged in vigorous, out-door gymnastics from morning till night, will make away with an incredible amount of food in the course of a day, and be all the better and stronger for it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A PLEA FOR THE BABIES.

BY MRS. ALMA H. FISK.

An eminent physician, upon being asked how early a child's training should begin, replied: "With the first moment of life." Another, whose observation of children has been very large, says: "The habits formed during the first three weeks of life exert a controlling influence over the whole period of infancy." There is both philosophy and sound sense in these statements. If their truth and wisdom could be realized by all mothers, how much of the anxious care of later years might be avoided, and how much more of success and happiness might be secured for their children. There seems to be a strange delusion, even among sensible people, about this matter of educating children. Ten-year-old Jennie must, of course, be obedient, polite and thoughtful; the same conduct is expected from six-year-old Harry; but surely obedience can not be expected from the winsome little two-year-old, the baby.

Yes, dear, doubting mother-heart, expect just that, not in the same degree, but still obedience. Sit down in the home nest, and watch this wee birdling as she flits about, gladdening every home with her dainty ways, and sweet baby talk; all is well till your will conflicts with hers, then behold a transformation; the clouded face, the pouting lips, the defiant attitude, all reveal to you the existence of a distinct individuality in this little baby form. She is your baby, but she is not you; she has her will, her tastes, her strong points and her weak ones, just as certainly as you have. You cannot make her nature, but you can direct and control it, and thus secure the highest good for her future life. "Sow an act and you reap a habit." Teach the little ones the act of obedience, and it soon becomes a habit; teach them from the first to be polite and tidy, and stubborn, dirty-faced, sticky-fingered children will seldom annoy us. An intelligent, well-bred childhood ought not to be looked for after an untrained, wilful babyhood.

Canon Farrar says: "Sacrifice is fruitful, and there is nothing fruitful else." All true motherhood, as all noble life, must sacrifice, but the reward is ample.—*Christian at Work.*

THE KITCHEN.—Every house, large or small should have a roomy kitchen, well lighted and thoroughly ventilated, as it will ensure, not only the comfort, but in a great degree, the health in the family. The kitchen, then, should be the first thing looked to in the arrangement of the household, and should be provided with a liberal supply of utensils and conveniences to simplify and expedite labor, if even to do so demands a sacrifice of luxury in the parlor and dining-room.

PUZZLES.

CHARACTER HINTS.

1.

My first is a gentleman very unique
Unparalleled A No. 1, so to speak.

2.

Shrewd and miserly, witty and wise
He brought down fame, by a string from the skies.

3.

A ripe red apple gave him the clue.
His dog a candle overthrew.

NAMES OF RIVERS.

1. A number, a vowel and a division of water.
2. A boy's nickname and a large insect.
3. An American writer.

CONUNDRUM.

What state is round at both ends and high in the middle?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER

1. Summer.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE MOTTO ACROSTIC.—

1. Rachel.
2. Elijah.
3. Samson.
4. Tyre.
5. Isaiah.
6. Nazareth.
7. Tertullus.
8. Haman
9. Eutychus.
10. Laban.
11. Orphah.
12. Rome.
13. Daniel.

REST IN THE LORD.

The Family Circle.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Tell me about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!—
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.
My poor heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs He freely forgave,
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,
Of pain or temptation befall,
The Infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.
—*Herald of Mercy.*

GRANDMA'S LESSON.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Dear Grandma Vance, with her white puffs of hair, her dainty cap and placid smile, sat dreamily gazing at a figure in the carpet as she rocked slowly to and fro.

The needles, which rarely were quiet when held in grandma's industrious fingers, now lay at rest in her lap, and only a slight creaking under the rocker was heard in the silent dining-room.

Everybody in the house loved Grandma Vance, and nearly every room contained a comfortable rocking-chair, with a view to having her able to pause in whatever place she liked, and find an easy-chair awaiting her.

So it happened that grandma was sitting in the dining-room, as it was very warm there on the cold winter morning, and the furnace heat had not penetrated to the upper rooms as yet with quite such a genial warmth as was felt there.

Things had not gone quite as smoothly that morning in her son's family as usual; there seemed to be some little friction between the children, and Julia, her son's wife, found the family sewing accumulating faster than her busy fingers could meet the pressing demand.

Then Jane had "given notice," and within the week another girl must be found to reign as queen of the kitchen; and what with one thing and another of an untoward nature, young Mrs. Vance was tired and discouraged.

"I declare," she said to herself, "I don't see how Frank's mother can always be as bright and cheerful as she is. It seems to me as if I was old as she is, the noise and contention of the children would drive me nearly distracted. Then when Baby unravelled that long piece of knitting yesterday she had put so much time and work into, she was just as undisturbed and patient about it as could be. I have a great mind to ask how she manages to find so much comfort in life."

There was baking to do, and a pile of mending to be attended to; but all at once, grandma, still dreaming away with her eyes fixed on the carpet, was roused from her day dream by the entrance of her daughter-in-law.

In her hand young Mrs. Vance held her work-basket, with a pile of stockings heaped high on top.

"There, mother," she began, "I've got everything to do to-day, it seems to me, but I made up my mind to darn a few stockings first, and at the same time have a little chat with you. Everything appears to come so easy to you; now, I've been wondering if you ever used to feel tired and perplexed in your younger days, when family cares bore hard and troubles used to come all in a bunch, as I suppose they do to every one some time in life."

"Dear child," grandma began, "you little know how much of toil, effort, and oftentimes how much of discouragement I waded through while bringing up my large family.

"To begin with, there were no 'modern improvements' in my day, making work comparatively light, and after rising with the dawn, kneading bread, churning butter, and attending to various wearing duties connected with a farm and dairy, I would be obliged to sit up half of the night with a sick child, then be up and about my household cares again early in the morning.

"I think that, naturally, my disposition was a happy one, but gradually I began to let my incessant duties worry me. I know my voice was not always tender as a mother's should be in addressing her children, and then I know, too, my brow began to be clouded much of the time.

"I thought my work was more constant than that of any of my neighbors, and although poor father—we always called Frank's father 'father,' the whole of us—although he did all he possibly could, I somehow felt as though I was leading a hard, severe life, which in some ways he might make lighter if he chose.

"Well, my dear, I sometimes think that when we have enough, and try the Almighty up to a certain point, it is a glimpse of what he could do to punish us for our repining, were it not for his loving kindness and unwillingness to grieve his children.

"I remember one winter—very much such a time as this, only in the country the cold seems very much more severe than it ever does in the city—there were four boys then, claiming my constant care, and from morning till night I was at it, baking, brewing, churning, sweeping, cutting, mending and fretting.

"Yes, I confess it with regret even now, I was fast becoming a nervous, fretful wife and mother, while still in my early prime.

"Well, one cold morning, father proposed taking the boys, all of them, and going over to a piece of woods about two miles away, to see if some timber there was fit for cutting. I bustled about and got their breakfast early; then father said something about taking a lunch as they might be detained, but I objected, impatiently declaring it would only amount to my getting a dinner for them all, besides fussing to put up lunches. Your husband, I remember, spoke up cheerily and said comfortingly—Frank always was just as good-natured as he is now—

"'Never mind, mother,' he says, 'if we do get a little hungry, it won't hurt us any.'

"And off they started, my precious husband and four darling boys.

"In two hours there was one of the wildest storms raging I ever saw in my life. Snow, rain and sleet were terrible enough, but oh, the wind! It was simply awful.

"By noon I would have given everything I possessed had I only put up that lunch. But in the middle of the afternoon I heard the bridge between our township and the next one where they had all gone, was floating down the river with four or five persons on it.

"Well, my dear, I won't distress you with a long description of my sufferings; all I can say is, I spent hours on my knees during that long night of anguish, and the vows and promises I made have never been forgotten either by me or my Maker.

"In the morning my loved ones were restored to my arms. Not a mouthful of food had they tasted since their breakfast of the day before, but the way I feasted them for the next week, father declared it was almost enough to kill them.

"But after imagining myself a widow and bereft of my four boys through all one long winter night, I was cured of fretting and thinking my lot a hard one, forever.

"And it was astonishing when once I resolved that things were best for me just as they were, how much lighter my duties seemed to grow. In fact, the time soon came when I thought I was to be envied with my kind husband and four sturdy boys. There is a good deal to look back upon and feel thankful for, but I think that terrible lesson did wonders for me."

"Grandma's eyes took on their dreamy look again as her voice hushed and only the light creak of the rockers was heard.

But young Mrs. Vance gathered up her work, saying softly,

"Well, now I'm going about my baking, and oh, how thankful I am I have my dear little family to bake for! Thank you for your story, dear grandma."—*Exchange.*

MRS. TERRY'S VELVET CLOAK.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Mrs. William Terry often thought when allusions were made to her fine figure, and when viewing herself in the mirror, that if her figure had not been quite so fine, or at least quite so tall, it would have been rather easier robing it to her satisfaction. She was a person of decidedly lady-like taste, and would go without a needed article of dress a long time, if necessary, but when at last she did purchase anything, she wanted only the best. And as the best are almost invariably the most serviceable fabrics, it followed that Mrs. Terry was always a well-dressed lady. She might have been always elegantly dressed but for certain characteristics which prevented extreme elegance of costume on her part. To begin with, she was not naturally selfish, so felt it her bounden duty to give to several benevolent objects, as well as to lay aside some missionary money every month. Then Mr. Terry was not a rich man, and his wife was far too sensible and good a wife ever to distress or hamper him about the matter of her wardrobe.

But now Mrs. Terry had worn her winter cloak four seasons; that is, counting the winter when this was written, and as expensive materials could generally be bought at a reduced rate in the middle of the season, Mrs. Terry had set her heart on purchasing velvet for a grand new cloak, and had been laying by little sums of money toward that object ever since early in the fall. As the garment was to be a long one, it was somewhat appalling when the dressmaker's measurement disclosed the number of yards of cloaking velvet which would be needed to meet the required dimensions. For, as usual, Mrs. Terry would have only the best of velvet; the service it would give would make it ultimately the cheapest.

At length the money was forthcoming, having been accumulated without drafting heavily on her husband at any time, or in any way curtailing home comforts or her usual charitable contributions.

Mr. Terry was pleased when one morning his wife informed him that she was going to purchase velvet for a handsome new cloak that day. He was proud of his stately wife, gratified at what he considered her prudent management and excellent taste.

Mrs. Terry was dressed for shopping, and was just emerging from her room when the door-bell rang, and pausing at the head of the stairs, she heard some one—it was a lady's voice—inquire if she was at home.

In the parlor she found a lady whom she had never seen before. She was fair-haired, fair-faced, young, and dressed in deep mourning. Her errand was a singular one.

She was a widow in almost destitute circumstances, but she was also the mother of one child, a little suffering girl, whom she was anxious to place for treatment in the hospital of that city. But unfortunately the institution was not a free one; it would cost fifty dollars for a bed for her little girl to remain as long as she would be obliged to in order to have her peculiar ailment suitably treated.

Would Mrs. Terry help her? She could not apply anywhere, to any one; some strong instinct had directed her to ask aid of her, although she had not the slightest claim upon her charities other than one Christian woman had upon another.

Mrs. Terry at once suspected some underhanded game. The idea of any well-dressed, able-bodied woman, calling upon another lady not known to be very rich, and soliciting aid to the amount of fifty dollars for a sick child! She was considering how she could most speedily rid herself of her presuming visitor, when the lady spoke again:

"You may perhaps think me an impostor, but I am not. Amasa Payton, of the National bank of this city, is my own uncle; if necessary, I will go with you to the bank for identification."

"Then why does not Mr. Payton help you in this matter?" Mrs. Terry asked quickly.

"He does not think the treatment would do my child any good; but oh, Mrs. Terry, do help me if you can; I assure you I will never forget it. I am a stranger here and can apply to no one else. My uncle told me sarcastically that Christian women ought to help me, if they believed what they professed, and mentioned your name among others as one who could assist me."

"I will go with you to see your child, then to see Mr. Payton, if you wish me to," said Mrs. Terry, moved with sudden compassion at the young mother's suffering tones.

In a small, neat room a child four years old was lying alone on her little bed. Her spine was so painful she made not the slightest movement of her little body as the two ladies entered the room, only her wan little face brightened at sight of her mother.

They did not remain long, but a few moments later entered the private office of Mr. Payton, president of the bank.

"I called," said Mrs. Terry, feeling a little confused, "to see if you did not feel willing to assist your niece in the case of her little sick girl—"

But Mr. Payton interrupted her:

"No, madam! I've told my niece over and over again I would do nothing for her. She lived with me once, in fact I brought her up, but she married against my wishes; and now I don't believe anything can be done for the child, and don't wish to waste money in that way."

"Very well," said Mrs. Terry, rising to her full height, "if you won't assist a poor young mother in such extremity, I will,—although I can hardly afford to do so. I hope, sir, you will never need what all will refuse to give," she added mildly.

It cost a real struggle, but here was a fair young mother, her whole life bound up in her wee sick darling, appealing to her for the help she could give; and Mrs. Terry was a mother herself. She would have proposed asking some friends to help the object, but she knew the sensitive mother would shrink painfully from having her do so.

At dinner Mrs. Terry informed her husband, that it was so late in the season, she had decided not to have a new cloak made, and he replied that what she called her old cloak still looked excellently well.

The next day the little sick girl was carried to the hospital, and the fair, sweet mother presented herself again at Mrs. Terry's, declaring she would sew for her a certain portion of each day. Mrs. Terry was forced to allow her to do so, finding she really would be happier in being allowed to.

Two days afterwards Mr. Terry came home to dinner with satisfaction written all over his face.

"Wife, what do you think!" he said as they seated themselves at the table. "Claverly has paid me that two hundred dollars I thought I'd never see a cent of, and I'm going to give you half of it. Guess you'd better get your cloak, dear, after all."

And the cloak was bought and Mrs. Terry looked truly regal in its rich enveloping folds.

The little slender child at the hospital slowly bettered, and somehow Mr. Payton must have grown ashamed of his churlishness, for one day the little widow informed Mrs. Terry that "uncle" was going to forgive her and take her back to his home to live; and another day Mrs. Terry received a check for fifty dollars from the National Bank, with a brief note from the president, informing her that he couldn't allow her to pay for the hospital care of his niece's little child. But Mrs. Terry regarded the whole affair as a little trial of her faith, and used every penny of the returned money in charitable purposes, never regretting that when a loud call came she had not withheld her hand.—*Golden Rule.*

THERE is the story told of a man in the ninth century that came up to attack a king with a large army. When the king heard that he had only 500 men and he had an army of 30,000 men, he sent a message to the young general, saying that if he would surrender he would be very merciful to him and spare his life. The young general listened to the messenger until he was through, then he said to one of his privates: "Go leap over into yonder chasm," and over he went. Then he called another and handed him a dagger, and said: "Drive it into your heart," and he did. Turning to the messenger, he said: "Go tell your king I have five hundred such." When the king heard it, that five hundred such men were before him, his army got demoralized and fled. The young general said to the messenger: "Tell your king I will have him chained to my dogs in twenty-four hours," and he did. Oh, that the church had this enthusiasm. One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. The case is quite different—the majority is on our side, the victory the easier.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Miss Willard's parents were New England people, though she is a native of New York, having been born at Churchville, near Rochester. She had grown scarcely beyond babyhood when the family removed to Oberlin, O., afterwards wending their way still farther west and settling for a time near Janesville, Wis. Until Frances was eighteen, she studied at home under her mother's guidance, aided by a governess. Her companions were her brother and sister. It is said she read few books, and no novels. The plan of education was unique; of these years one has written thus:

"The world's work was reproduced in miniature in the little household, that the children might learn to take part in it. They had a board of public works, an art club, and a newspaper edited by Frances; poems were written, a home republic was formed, and the children trod their little world with the free step and the abandon which helped them to conquer it in after life."

Later, the family removed to Evanston, Ill., there to make a permanent home. There the daughters finished their school-days, and soon after one went silently away from the pleasant home the father had made for them, and the book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," is a memoir of this sister—the gifted Mary Willard. Some time afterwards the father died.

Miss Willard spent two or three years abroad, studying in Paris and Rome, visiting Palestine, Greece and Egypt. During this journeying she wrote for several American papers, among them the *New York Independent*, and *Harper's Monthly*. She laid up stores of knowledge—incidents and facts as material for future work. Soon after her return to America she became president of the Woman's College at Evanston, which position she resigned when the university absorbed the college. I will copy for you one or two extracts which will show you how her former pupils regard this remarkable woman. Says one:

"Her ideals of life and character were very high, and she succeeded in inspiring her girls with a great deal of her own enthusiasm. I never at any other period of my life lived under such a keen sense of moral responsibility, nor with such a high ideal of what I could become, as during the years in which I so proudly called myself 'one of her girls.'"

Says another:

"Her constantly recurring question being not only, 'What are you going to be in the world,' but 'What are you going to do?' so that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars had a definite idea of a life work."

I am coming to the hour in the life of Miss Willard when she came before the world as connected with the W.C.T.U. To tell the story of her life would be to write the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Home Protection Movement. In November, 1874, the National Union was organized, with Miss Willard as corresponding secretary; and from that hour she has given her life to the cause of temperance and womanhood.

I pause here, and try to choose what to tell you of the work she has been doing. So great and so varied have been her labors that it is useless to attempt to follow out the story in the little space given me here. She was elected president of the National Union, in 1879, and it seems that her earnestness and her executive ability increased with each succeeding year.

Miss Lathbury says of her, "As an organizer, Miss Willard has no equal among women; her office is not only to plan work, but to be the life and inspiration of the workers."

Aside from writing thousands of letters every year, and performing other literary work, she "is almost constantly on the wing, going at the call of the cause, to plant or encourage new organizations, to confer with workers in council, to speak at the request of leading thinkers and workers, of the moral questions of the day from a woman's point of view, and always and everywhere to give enough of herself to others to quicken the currents of life and touch new springs of activity into motion."

As a public speaker, Miss Willard takes a high rank; some one has placed her "first among women who speak." Another has written thus: "As a public speaker, I think Miss Willard is without a peer among women. With much of Edward Everett in her language, there is more of Wendell Phillips in her delivery." And do you know these are high praises to speak of any one? To be the peer of Edward Everett in rhetorical finish, and of Wendell Phillips in oratory, is to be among the first of Americans, to say the least.

Miss Willard's voice is described as "magnetic," as "musical and mellow," as "winding away to the remotest listener, as sound from the silvery bells of the Sabbath."

In the convention where the W.C.T.U., was organized Miss Willard offered the following resolution: "Realizing that our cause is combated by mighty and relentless forces, we will go forward in the strength of Him who is the Prince of peace, meeting argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer." And it seems to me that we need not look farther for the secret of Miss Willard's remarkable power, for the explanation of her wonderful success in her work—she is eminently a woman of prayer.

—Faye Huntington in Pansy.

JIMMY'S DOUGHNUT BUSINESS.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

"But, mother, I tell you there is no other way, we are all but freezing, and starving. I don't believe that the Lord meant poor folks to be so 'fraid of doing wrong," said Jimmy petulantly. "I'm sure if we were rich, had plenty to eat, and wear, and keep us warm, 'twould be easy enough to keep all the commandments, but it seems as if poor folks have got to break some of 'em. Now by doing this work—easy, you know—you'd just stay there in the shop all day where its awful warm, an' nice, an' I'd help pack the stuff, an' then when the two months are up, we'd have enough to get away from this big, bad city. We'd go in the spring out west, an' hunt up father's half-brother on that farm some 'ere in Minnesota, an' then 'twould be clear sailin' this gettin' a living."

And Jimmy waxed earnest in his arguments. He well knew that the one desire of his mother's heart was to leave forever the great city, wherein she had found so much misery, for a home in the roomy West.

"This man offers us such big wages, 'cause he's just got to get hands," continued Jimmy. "Some of the old ones struck yesterday, an' if he can't fill their places running his machines Sundays, he'll lose lots o' money. He seemed real pleasant an' kind, and when I told him I didn't know 'bout workin' on Sunday, for I thought you'd object, he said he didn't like the idea of workin' on Sunday any more than anybody, but he'd got to hev it done now or lose lots o' money. He wanted me to report in the morning if we'd come. If you won't go, mother, I believe I shall, for I can't stand it to be so hungry. Why, when I go by those bake shops, I just have to clutch my hands together for fear of breaking the commandment about stealing. I just can't b'lieve that passage you read so often in the Bible 'bout the righteous never being forsaken an' his seed never beggin' bread. Father was a good, righteous man, if there ever was one, and we are forsaken of the Lord, and would be begging, if you wern't too proud to let folks know how we're suffering. Now, mother, you know I've always been a good boy, an' minded you; but I can't hold out much longer. You can go without victuals better'n I, 'cause you ain't growing as I be; just see how tall I'm getting for a boy only fourteen," and Jimmy stretched his gaunt frame to its full height, nearly reaching the top of the door. "But, mother, I tell you," he said, bitterly; "I'm going out once more to hunt up a job, and if nothing better turns up, I'll hire out to this man for these two months, Sundays in the bargain, for I can't starve, and that's all there is about it." And he stalked *from the cold room*, slamming the door behind him.

To the poor mother this trial seemed greater than all others combined. Hitherto her son had been obedient, and she thanked God daily that none of the numberless pitfalls of city life had caught his stumbling feet. But now that he should resist her authority, and go to labor on the Sabbath was a sad blow to her. She fell upon her knees beseeching God to come to their relief, and to open at once some honest way for gaining of their daily bread. The calmness which followed her prayer assured her that she had not called in vain upon the Lord, and Jimmy returned in the afternoon with a face radiant with hope. "Mother," he exclaimed, "I b'lieve something's turned up at last. About noon to-day I saw two spruce chaps go into a lunch-room an' I followed 'em, though I expected I'd get kicked out by the proprietor, an' I got behind the big stove an' he didn't see me till one of the men got through his lunch an' threw me a doughnut; 'twas so hard it struck the stove with a thud an' I picked it up an' then the man drove me out. Well, I remembered you always wanted me to thank a body, so I waited, an' when they come out I stepped up an' thanked the man for the doughnut; but he said 'twant worth a thank you, for it wasn't good enough for a dog to eat. I just wondered how he could think so, for it tasted so good to me. Well, I followed along an' they kept right on talking 'bout doughnuts, or nutcakes, one of 'em called 'em. He said he didn't see why they couldn't be made as his mother used to make 'em. An' t'other man said the hard, dry, tasteless, doughnuts of to-day were not at all like those his mother, down in New England, made when he was a boy. Then they both agreed they'd give a deal of money to get a taste of such doughnuts. All to once I remembered grandmother made 'em when I was a little shaver, that winter you an' father took me there for a visit. Then I followed the men an' got the street an' number where they have their business, an' now mother can't you make such doughnuts?" asked Jimmy, with a beaming, hopeful countenance. "Yes, Jimmy, I think I can; but I shall be obliged to use my last penny to procure the material, and don't it seem rather foolish to risk all you have!" asked she, doubtfully, not thinking yet that this suggestion of Jimmy's might be the answer to her prayer. "Mother, I have faith in grandmother's doughnuts, if you can make 'em like hers." "Well, Jimmy, when I was your age, your grandmother was famous all the country round for her cookery, and every donation party or gathering was fortunate where one of her 'pyramid cakes' graced the table. And when your mother commenced housekeeping, down in Vermont, many said that she was not behind her mother in making such dainties; but I fear, Jimmy, that my hands have lost their cunning, for I'm sadly out of practice."

"P'raps, mother, it'll all come back to you, when you try," said Jimmy, hopefully, as they prepared to go out. Soon they returned from making the requisite purchases, and Jimmy joyfully helped his mother in the manufacture of the doughnuts. He attended to her fire, while she deftly mixed the dough, and in more cheerful tones told him her plans. "You see, Jimmy, I'm going to appeal somewhat to the imagination by shaping the cakes as your grandmother did. I'll cut with a knife, and roll them like this," and she dexterously rolled and turned into the desired twist. "Oh, yes, mother, I remember now, those look just like grandmother's! It's funny I remember 'em so long, I was five years old then, wasn't I, mother?" "You were in your fifth year," replied she, as she gently dropped the cakes into the smoking fat.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD

To make a long story short, four dozen of the doughnuts were soon ready, and Jimmy could scarcely wait until morning to start out with them. When he did go his success was assured, since his basket was empty in less than an hour, and orders taken for more the next day. The weary mother counting the profits, which had nearly doubled the money expended, felt that this was indeed God's means of answering her prayer. The next day Jimmy disposed of twelve dozen doughnuts, and doubled that number the day following. The material could now be purchased at wholesale, and so the profits were greater. The demand soon increased beyond the power of Jimmy's mother alone to fill, so another poor widow and her daughter were employed to assist.

The girl went out soliciting orders for old-fashioned articles, for Jimmy's mother wisely concluded to add other goodies, made by grandmothers, that were relished so much by the boys of that day, to her stock in trade and the result was amazing. At length from three hundred to four hundred dozen doughnuts daily were needed to supply the growing demand.

Soon the wish of Jimmy's heart was realized, and enough money was laid by to go out West in search of their nearest surviving relative and a home. In this effort also they were successful, and Jimmy is now with his mother in a thriving Western city, the junior partner in a large and successful manufactory, where his talent for manufacturing, developed in the "doughnut business," brings him a competence and the means of doing good to others. He does not forget the lesson learned in early life in regard to Sabbath labor. Though his business now demands hundreds of operatives he will not allow them to work upon the Sabbath. Indeed, so great is his fear lest they be tempted to perform their own tasks upon that holy day that he gives them the "Saturday half-holiday," and the happy mother thanks God daily that he answered her prayer for her boy, leading him out of temptation and delivering him from evil, and putting into his heart that good thought about the "doughnut business."—*N. Y. Observer.*

AN EXCHANGE SAYS: "Michigan has a law which provides that no sign, picture, painting, or other representation of murder, assassination, stabbing, fighting, or any personal violence, or of the commission of any crime, shall be posted, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. It would improve the moral condition of this country if such a law were enacted by and rigidly enforced in every State. The debasing influence of theatrical and similar posters upon the character of boys and girls is incalculable, and is realized by few parents. Equally debasing are some of the illustrated papers, the sale of which should everywhere be prohibited by law."—*New York Independent.*

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued.)*

A voluble stream of Italian was poured forth by every one, which Dorothy could not understand; but Giulia got Dorothy's hat, and the white scarf, and the pretty velvet jacket, and then she was dressed—not without many expressions of profound admiration for the soft white feather and the velvet—and made ready to start with Francesco. Not alone. No, Giulia was not going to trust her to the donkey boy without her, and Francesco made a funny face and showed his white teeth between his bright red lips, and whispered in Dorothy's ear the one English word he perfectly understood—

"Money, money, she get money; for the signorina—ah, ah, ah!"

I will not say that there was no thought in Giulia's mind that the mother whom Francesco had described as crying bitterly for her lost treasure might not add some silver coins to her stock kept in the old stone pipkin in the cupboard—a store which Giulia liked to see grow, because when her Anton was big and strong, she would pay it to the good master fisherman who employed her to make and mend his nets, and had often said her dark-eyed Anton was born to be a sailor.

Dorothy felt strangely dizzy and bewildered when she began to walk, and though she held fast to Giulia's strong hand on one side, and to Francesco's on the other, she tottered and tumbled about from side to side, and was not sorry when Giulia took her up in her arms and carried her with swift, firm steps down into the wide street of San Remo.

It would have been quite dark now if it had not been for the light of a crescent moon, which hung like a silver bow over the sea. Just as they reached the upper road, the doctor who attended Mrs. Acheson passed them quickly. He turned as he passed the group, and recognized Francesca, who was a little in advance of Giulia and her burden.

"Hi! Francesco," he said, "has anything been heard of the little lady?"

"Oh, Dr. Forman! Oh, Dr. Forman!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Why, here is the lost lamb," said the doctor. He had a little girl of his own, and he was as delighted as possible that Dorothy was safe. "Why, Dorothy," he said, "your poor mamma has been made quite ill with fright; and your nurse, and Willy Montague, and that nice little friend of yours have been hunting for you high and low. Where have you been?"

But Dorothy was sobbing too much to speak, and Giulia told Dr. Forman, who understood Italian as well as his own language, the story of Dorothy's fall, the cut on her forehead, and how she had taken her into her house and done all she could for her.

"Well, bring her home," the doctor said; "and, Francesco, run off and try to find the searching party; they must be worn out."

"Please, Dr. Forman," Dorothy gasped; "this woman has been very, very kind to me." Then she lifted her little hand, and stroking Giulia's face, said—

"Grazia, Grazia."

"The little angel," Giulia said. "She is just an angel, and I am glad I found her."

In another five minutes the doctor and Giulia, carrying her burden, arrived at the gate of the Villa Firenze. A group was collected there, for, as we all know, when we are waiting for any one about whose coming we are anxious, we always go out to watch and hope that every minute they will arrive. They don't come any the quicker for this, but it is a comfort in some unexplained way.

"Let me take her to her mother," Giulia said to Dr. Forman; and he could not refuse. So he led the way to the drawing-room, opening the door gently, and standing for a moment behind the screen which protected the room from the draught of the door.

Lady Burnside, who had been with Mrs. Acheson all the afternoon, rose to see who was coming.

Oh! what a relief it was to hear Dr. Forman say—

"The child is safe; here she is!" and then Giulia strode in, and kneeling down by the sofa where poor Mrs. Acheson lay, she put Dorothy into her arms.

You may be very sure that Giulia's store of coins in the pipkin was increased, and that the delicate English lady put her arm round the Italian one's neck and kissed her, saying the pretty word by which Dorothy had won her heart—

"Grazia, Grazia."

CHAPTER XI.—WHAT FOLLOWED.

The consequences of self-will do not always pass away as quickly as we hope and expect. Sometimes we have to suffer by seeing the suffering of others, and feel bitterly that we have caused it. I do not think any pain is more keen than that sorrow which is caused by seeing the pain we have given those we love.

Lady Burnside had been afraid on the first evening of Dorothy's return that, in the rapturous joy of poor Ingleby, and the general delight of every one, Dorothy might be brought to think lightly of the fault which had caused so much trouble.

Seated in a low chair, her hand in her mother's, and the other children gathered round her, while Ingleby stood feasting her eyes upon her darling, Dorothy became something of a heroine; and no one, in the first joy of receiving her safe and sound, could find it in their hearts to reprove her for what had passed.

Lady Burnside felt that it was not for her to speak seriously to Dorothy; and yet, when she saw her carried away to bed by Ingleby, with her uncle's present clasped in her arms, and heard her say, "I feel quite like Dorothy Dormouse, now," she did long to say more than Mrs. Acheson did—"Dorothy will never run away by herself again and frighten poor mother."

As it proved, the fright and long watching had a very serious effect on Mrs. Acheson. The next day Dr. Forman ordered her to keep in bed; and her cough increased so much that for some days there was great anxiety about her. Dorothy was so accustomed to see her mother ill that it did not strike her as anything unusual; but one morning, when she was starting gaily for the Villa Lucia, Ingleby called to Stefano from the top of the stairs, that he must take Miss Dorothy, for she could not leave her mistress.

"I can go alone," Dorothy said; for neither Stefano nor his wife were very great favorites of hers.

"No, no," Stefano said; "the little signorina is not to be trusted;" and taking her hand in his, he prepared to lead her along the sunny road to the Villa Lucia.

But Dorothy snatched away her hand, and said—"You should not speak like that to me."

"Ah," Stefano said, "someone must speak, someone must speak at times to little signorinas, who give pain and trouble."

Dorothy felt her dignity much injured, and repeated, with emphasis—

"You should not speak like that to me."

Stefano only shrugged his shoulders; and as they had reached the door of the Villa Lucia, he left her, saying—

"The little signorina will have to hear hard things like the rest of us, one day."

Irene met Dorothy with the question—"How is your mother? Grannie is so anxious to know."

"Mother is not up yet," Dorothy replied. "Jingle is sitting with her."

The other children now came clustering round Dorothy with the same question; and Irene, after helping Dorothy to take off her jacket and hat, said—

"Come and see grannie."

"Before my lesson?"

"Yes; she wants to speak to you."

Dorothy felt a strange misgiving at her heart, and said, sharply—

"What for! What is she going to say?"

"I think," said Irene, gently, "she wishes to comfort you; your mamma is very, very ill."

"*No*, she isn't!" said Dorothy, desperately. "No, she isn't; not a bit more ill than she often is. I saw her last night, and she looked quite better—her cheeks pink, and her eyes bright."

"Well," Irene said, "I know Dr. Forman thinks her very ill, and he has sent for Canon Percival."

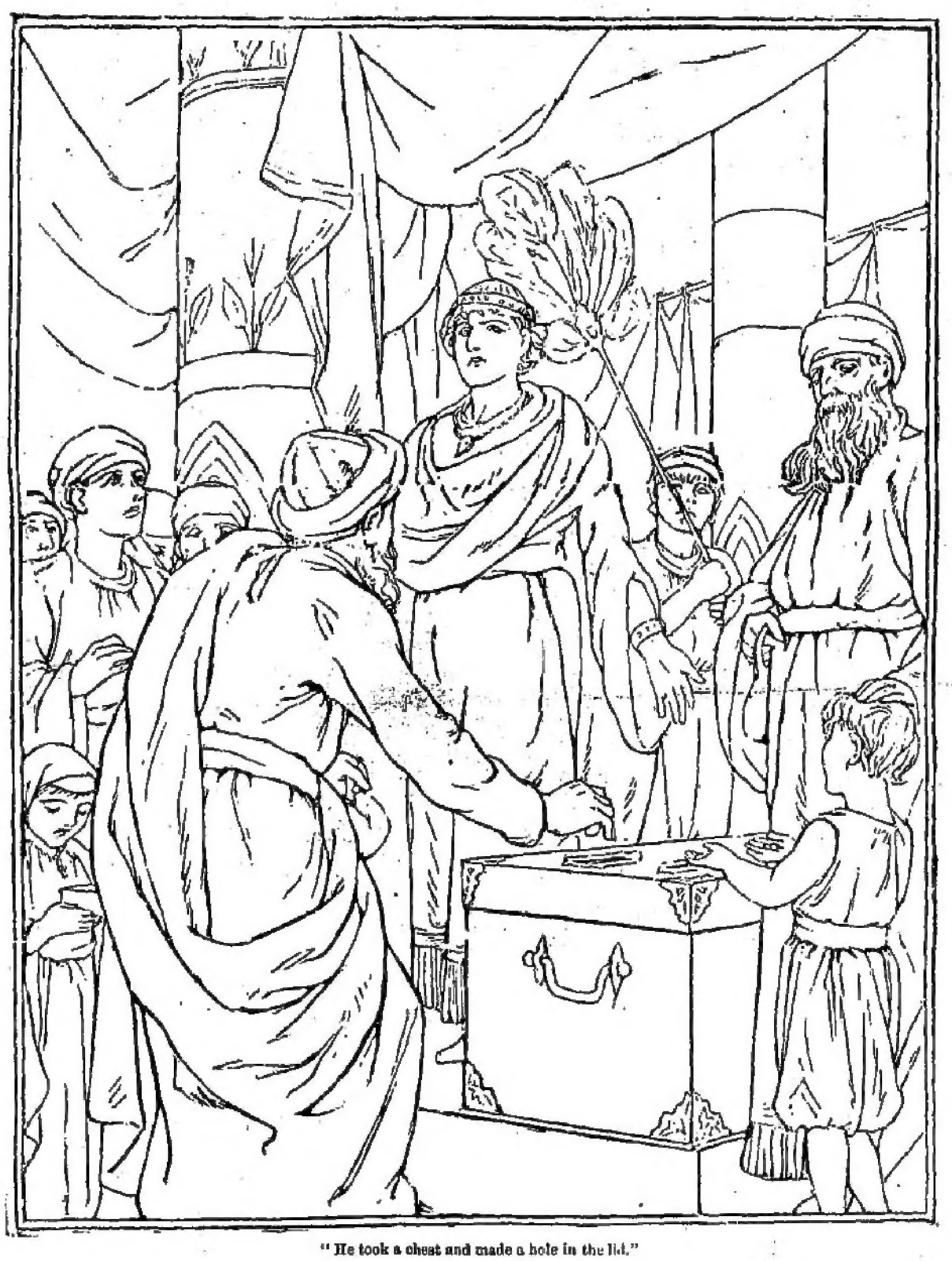
"For Uncle Crannie? for Uncle Crannie?"

"Yes," Irene said, "two days ago."

Dorothy stood irresolute for a moment, and then, with a great effort to control herself, said—

"Let me go to your grandmamma; let me go."

(To be continued.)



"He took a chest and made a hole in the lid."

JOASH.

When Joash began to reign over Judah, after the death of the wicked Athaliah, the Temple of God was found to be in a sad condition. Both the woodwork and stonework were out of repair, and the young king gave orders that the priests should get some men to do all that was needed, and ask the people to make offerings of money towards paying for what had to be done.

The priests seem to have been very careless about their duty; for, although the people brought their offerings for this good work, many years of the king's reign passed away without anything being done in the Temple. This vexed the king very much; and at last he sent for the high-priest, Jehoiada, and for the other priests, and asked them why they did not see that the Temple was kept in proper repair?

The priests were even then unwilling to attend to the king's command, but Jehoiada determined that something should be done. So he took a chest and made a hole in the lid, and placed the chest near the altar, and he desired the priests to bring the offerings of the people, day by day, and put them into this chest.

Then, when it was nearly full, Jehoiada and the king's scribe opened it, and counted the money into bags, and gave it to some men who could be trusted to lay it out well. And these men sent at once for carpenters and masons and other workmen, and they brought wood and stone, and repaired the Temple of the Lord.—*Sunday Reading.*

A LITTLE GIRL was present at a school examination where the question was asked, "What is a hypocrite?" For some time the children were unprepared with an answer. At last the teacher supplied one: "A hypocrite is a man who makes believe to be really good when he isn't. Sometimes a man will give a lot of money to a church to make people think that he is better than anybody else." "Well, my pa isn't a hypocrite," said the little girl, "for he gives only a penny every Sunday!"

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(*Children's Friend.*)

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

But Irene put her arms round Dorothy, and whispered—

"I have been asking God to make your mamma better, and I think He will. Have you asked Him and told Him all about it?"

"About what?" Dorothy said.

"About everything—how sorry you are that you gave your mamma such anxiety; and have you asked to be forgiven?"

But Dorothy said—

"I never tell God anything. I say my prayers, but I did not, could not, tell Him about such things as my slapping Baby Bob, and getting angry, and staying at home while you went to Colla. He is so far off, and besides——"

"Oh, Dorothy!" said Irene, "God is very near, Jesus is very near, and He cares about every little thing."

"Are you sure?" said poor little Dorothy. "Then He knows and cares about mother—mother——"

A sob choked her, and yet she tried not to give way; to cry very much would show that she believed her mother was very, very ill, and she could not, dare not believe it! But she said simply—

"I know I am not good; but I love—oh! how I do love mother!"

Lady Burnside received Dorothy with her calm, sweet smile, and Constance, lying on her couch, put out her hand, and said—"Come and kiss me, Dorothy."

Constance had not generally taken much notice of Dorothy. She had looked upon her as a spoilt little thing, and had felt, like many invalids who have been accustomed to be the centre of attraction and attention, a little vexed that every one admired the child, and were, as she thought, blind to her faults. Even Willy, though he was blunt and rough to Dorothy sometimes, was really devoted to her. So was Jack Meredith, and as to Irene and her own little sister Ella, they were ridiculously fond of her. Irene particularly would always give up to Dorothy, though she was so much younger than herself. Baby Bob had, in his own way, the same feeling about Dorothy that Constance had. He strongly objected to anyone who could possibly dethrone him from the position of "King of the Nursery," which was Crawley's favorite title for her youngest child. Baby Bob had ruled with despotic power, and was naturally unwilling to see a rival near the throne. But Constance was now touched by the sight of the little figure in the blue dress, over which the cloud of light silky hair hung, when she saw the wistful, questioning glance in those blue eyes, which were turned entreatingly to Lady Burnside, as she said—

"Tell me really about—about mother."

Then Lady Burnside drew Dorothy close to her, and said—

"Your dear mother is very ill, Dorothy, but we must pray to God to make her better."

Dorothy stood with Lady Burnside's arm round her, still gazing up at the dear kind face bending over her; and then, after a pause, she said, in a low tone—

"Is it my fault? Is it all my fault?"

Lady Burnside made Dorothy sit down on a low chair by her side, and talked so kindly and wisely to her. She told her that her mother had passed a very bad night of coughing the night before New Year's Day; that when the news came of her loss, which Stefano had abruptly told her, Mrs. Acheson had, forgetting how easily she was chilled, run out into the garden with only a shawl thrown over her; that it was with great difficulty she had been persuaded not to go herself to look for Dorothy; that she had paced up and down the room in her distress; and that that night, after the excitement and joy of her return were over, she had been very faint and ill, and now she had inflammation of her lungs, which she was very weak to bear up against.

Lady Burnside had gone through many troubles herself, and she had the sympathetic spirit which children, as well as grown-up people, feel to be so sweet in sorrow. There were no reproaches, and no hard words, but I think little Dorothy never forgot the lesson which she learned from Lady Burnside that morning, and often when she was beginning to be self-willed and irritable, if that self-will was crossed, she would think of Lady Burnside's words—

"Take care when the first temptation comes to pray to resist it."

She did not return to the Villa Firenze that night, nor did Irene take her into the schoolroom that day. She read to her, and amused her by dressing a doll and teaching her how to crochet a little frock for it.

Early the next morning Canon Percival arrived, and Dorothy was taken by him to see her mother.

As they were walking up the road together, Dorothy said—

"Uncle Crannie, do you know all, all that happened on New Year's Day?"

"Yes, Dorothy; I have heard all."

"Oh, Uncle Crannie, to think of Baby Bob's taking my letter to you beginning all the trouble!"

"Nay, my little Dorothy, it was not Baby Bob who began the trouble, it was you. We must never shift the blame from our own shoulders, and say, if he had not said that, or she had not provoked me, I should not have done what I did."

A FUNNY GUIDE.

"But it was tiresome to squeeze up your letter which I had taken such pains to write."

"Yes, very tiresome; but that does not alter your fault."

"Oh, Uncle Crannie, Uncle Crannie! I wish I had not run off; but then I thought I saw Nino."

"Poor Nino!" exclaimed Canon Percival, "in all the trouble and sorrow I have found here I forgot about Nino. I have something to tell you about him, but——"

Canon Percival was interrupted by meeting Dr. Forman.

A few words were exchanged between them, and then little Dorothy, with a sad, serious face, was taken by her uncle into her mother's room.

CHAPTER XII.—THE LOST FOUND.

Many days of deep anxiety followed, and poor little Dorothy's heart was sad and troubled. Irene proved a true and loving friend, and with wisdom far beyond her years encouraged Dorothy to go on with her little lessons, and learn to knit and crochet. "To make a shawl for mother by the time she gets well," became an object of ambition; and Irene helped her out of difficulties, and turned the troublesome corners at the four parts of the square, and would read to her and Ella while she pulled the soft Pyrenean wool in and out the long treble stitches.

They were very busy one morning a week after Canon Percival's arrival, when they saw his tall figure coming up the garden. He looked happier than he had done for some time, and when Dorothy ran to meet him, he said—

"Good news to-day; mother is really better; and Dr. Forman thinks she may soon be as well as she was before this last attack of illness."

Good news indeed! If any little girl who reads Dorothy's story has ever to feel the weight upon her heart which a dear father's or mother's illness has caused, she will know, when the burden is lifted, and the welcome words are spoken, like Canon Percival's, all the world seems bright and joyful, and hope springs up like a fountain within us.

"Yes," Canon Percival said, as Dorothy threw her arms round his neck, "we may be very thankful and glad; and now, while I go and see Lady Burnside, will you get ready to take me to visit the old town, and——"

"Giulia, and the old woman, and Anton!" exclaimed Dorothy.

Oh yes, the children were soon ready, and they all set off towards the old town, all except Willy, who had to wait for Mr. Martyn, and who looked with longing eyes at the party as they walked away.

"Bother this horrid sum," he said, "it won't come right. What's the use of asking such ridiculous questions? Who cares about the answer?"

But Willy got the answer right in spite of his grumbling, and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Martyn tell his grandmother that he had improved very much of late, and that he would take a good place at a school when he was sent to one.

It was a lovely spring morning, that beautiful spring in the sunny south, which comes early in the year with a sudden burst of flowers of all colors. All the acacias and mimosas in the gardens before the villas were waving their golden tassels in the breeze, and the scarlet anemones and the yellow narcissi were making a carpet under foot.

Dorothy danced along in the gladness of her heart, and Canon Percival, when he thought of what might have been, felt thankful and glad also. As they climbed the steep street leading to the square before the big church, a little white dog with brown ears toddled out.

"Oh, that is the dog I thought was Nino! How could I think so?" Dorothy exclaimed; "his legs are so ugly, and he has such a mean little tail. Ah! my poor Nino was beautiful when compared with you," she said, stooping down to pat the little dog. "And, Uncle Crannie," she said, "do you remember that sad, dreadful day; when you took me to see mother, you said you had something to tell me about Nino, and then you left off."

"Ah!" Canon Percival said, "I believe I did say so, but, Dorothy, can you wait to hear what it is?"

"I don't know," Dorothy said, doubtfully, "I don't know; it can't be anything very happy."

"Well, I advise you to wait," Canon Percival said.

Dorothy looked at her uncle, and said—"Is it that his dear, dead little body has been found?"

But Canon Percival only repeated, "I advise you to wait."

"How long?"

"Till we all go back to England?"

(*To be continued.*)

A FUNNY GUIDE.

Away off in Germany there lives an old blind woman, who is led to church every Sunday by a gander. He takes her to the very door of the pew, then goes out in the yard, and stays there feeding quietly until he hears the people coming out. Then he goes to the pew again and leads his old mistress home.

One day the minister called to see her at her own house, but found that she was out. He said to the daughter, "I should think you would be afraid to let your poor blind mother go out alone."

"Oh, sir," was the reply; "there is nothing to fear! Mother is not alone; the gander is with her."—*The Adviser.*

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, If I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. iii. 10.

The language of Malachi iii. 10, is often used in prayer by those who are not aware that it is rather a challenge than a promise—"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts." We naturally ask whether God does "open the windows of heaven and pour down blessing" upon the faithful givers of tithes. Instances are not wanting among ourselves to supply the answer. No workers in our day have enjoyed larger blessing than George Muller and Charles Spurgeon, both of whom have, from the beginning of their work, put the sacred rule into practice with believing and humble hearts. Years ago Mr. Spurgeon said: "I knew a lad in Christ once who adopted the principle of giving a tenth to God. When he won a money prize for an essay on a religious subject, he felt that he could not give less than one-fifth of it. He has never since been able to deny himself the pleasure of having a fifth to give. God has wonderfully blessed that lad, and increased his means and his enjoyment of that luxury of luxuries—the luxury of doing good."—*Old Testament Anecdotes.*

IT IS one thing for us to know Christ as the sacrifice for sin, it is another thing to know Him as the risen Man in heaven; and to know the two is to know the fulness of redemption.

DO NOT on any account neglect keeping up Sabbath services in all congregations and stations, minister or no minister. Meet in the name of the Lord, and He will meet with you.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER FOR A NIGHT.

"Willie, my lad, I'll hae to gang to the shore for mair oil for the lamps. I had no idea my stock had gi't sae low. There's no enough in the cans to last the nicht. I maun awa' at once. Ye'll no mind staying alane till I'm back?"

"No, father, I'll no mind. Ye'll hae good time to be back afore it's dark."

"Quite; so good-by, laddie."

Kenneth Mayne was the keeper of a lighthouse on the north-east coast of Scotland. As most people are aware, it is now usual to have two men at least in all lighthouses, and such was the custom in the case of the Inverkaldy Lighthouse at the date of this story; but Kenneth Mayne's comrade had fallen ill only a day or two before the events about to be narrated happened, and a substitute had not yet been sent in his place. Willie Mayne was a slight, delicate-looking boy, with a pale face and fair blue eyes. He had been frail and delicate ever since his mother's death, which happened when he was only two years old. He was also a little lame, the result of an accident. Altogether he was the very reverse of the person you would have willingly chosen to leave in charge of a lighthouse at night—a fact to which no one was more alive than the boy's own father.

Kenneth Mayne rowed himself to the mainland in his boat, fastened it to the little wooden jetty which had been built for the use of the lighthouse keepers, and set off for Rowanfalls, the nearest village. Having purchased a small can of oil, sufficient to serve him until he should be able to get a larger supply conveyed to the lighthouse, he started on his way homeward again. The road he was pursuing led along the shore, the sea on one hand and a line of steep and lofty cliffs on the other.

Mayne was proceeding at a rapid pace, carrying his can on his shoulder, and had reached a break in the cliffs made by a narrow ravine, when he was suddenly attacked by three men, who leaped out upon him from their concealment in the cleft of the rocks. Stunned by a blow on the head from a heavy bludgeon, he fell to the ground; his assailants were upon him in a moment, and in a few moments had him gagged and bound hand and foot. Then the conspirators carried their victim between them a little way up the ravine, and left him, still unconscious, behind a rock, lying with his back against the wall of the cliff.

Willie Mayne expected his father to be home at six o'clock. When that hour arrived without him, he became a little anxious. Another hour passed, and still Willie could see no signs of his father, as he stood on the small wooden landing built out from the rocky little islet on which the lighthouse was situated, and directed his gaze to the shore. He was growing every minute more anxious and distressed in mind. What had become of his father? Was it an accident or mishap of any kind that prevented him being back at the expected hour?

It was now growing dark, and with the approach of night Willie's fear, and anxieties increased greatly. The lamps would have to be lit, and who was to do it? could he possibly manage it? The boy knew his own weakness of body and nerve only too well, and he feared terribly in his heart that he was not equal to the task of kindling the lamps.

He waited on the landing, gazing towards the shore in the direction in which his father must approach, until it was nearly dark. Then he entered the house again, and mounted the narrow winding stairs to the room where the cans of oil for the lamps were kept. Willie felt that at all hazards he must make the effort to fill his father's place to-night. If the lamps remained unlit no one could tell what the consequences might be. Ships were constantly passing up and down that part of the coast, the captains of which looked to the Inverkaldy Lighthouse both as a warning and a guiding beacon.

Willie knelt down upon the floor. "O God," he prayed, "give me strength and skill for what I have to do, that the ships may not miss the lights and be driven on the rocks and the people lost. Keep my dear father from danger, and bring him safe home again, for Christ's sake. Amen."

On examination, Willie found that there was still some oil remaining in one of the cans, enough to last some hours. He took the can and began climbing the staircase again until he reached the small chamber at the top of the lighthouse which contains the lamps. Willie could not nearly reach to the lamps standing on the ground. He set the can of oil down on the floor, and descended to one of the lower rooms, returning with a chair and a wooden stool. But standing on the stool and the chair, the little fellow could not yet reach his object.

Again descending the long and steep stairs, which in itself was a hard and painful task to the boy on account of his lameness, he returned with a couple of thick books, and placing these on top of the stool, he climbed upon the whole pile, and now found that he could reach the lamps.

Willie had seen his father kindle the lights more than once, though, from the difficulty he had in climbing up to the top of the lighthouse, he was not often with his father at such times. Still, he understood enough about the matter to pour the oil into the lamps and to trim and ignite the wicks.

He had just poured a portion of the oil into the first lamp, lifting the large can with some difficulty, when the support beneath his feet suddenly gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground, striking his face against the sharp edge of the can.

For a few minutes Willie was quite stunned by his fall, and lay white and motionless on the floor, a thin stream of blood welling up from his forehead. The chair had been standing rather unevenly on the floor, which Willie had not noticed. In leaning forward a little, as he had to do to reach the lamps, he had disturbed his balance, and hence the accident.

But Willie's swoon was not a deep one; and presently his consciousness returned. He rose, set the chair, the stool, and the books in their former position, this time taking care to arrange the pile quite evenly, and again raised himself upon them. The blood was still flowing freely from his forehead, but Willie heeded it not. His whole mind and energies were engrossed in his task, his one object was to get it quickly and successfully accomplished. Through the windows he saw that the night had turned out a very dark one, not a single star illuminating the black sky; and Willie knew that on such a night the danger to the ships, if there were no lights to guide while passing that treacherous part of the coast, would be greatly increased.

One by one Willie replenished the lamps with oil, turned up the wicks, and lit them from the light with which he had provided himself. The broad light flashed its streaming radiance far out over the dark waters—a guiding star to whatever ships might be abroad upon the seas that night.

Willie's task was done, but as he again descended to the lower rooms of the lighthouse, his feet shook beneath him. The strain of strength and nerve to one so small and frail of body had been very severe, and now that his task was over Willie felt as if every bit of strength had gone out of him. But there was the feeling in his heart, too, that he had done all he could, that God had answered his prayers, and given him just as much strength and skill as were necessary for the work which had fallen to him to do.

He sat down in the little sitting-room of the lighthouse to await his father's return, hoping, with an intensity of feeling that may be imagined, that nothing had happened to him which would prevent his reaching home before the oil in the lamps was exhausted.

The plan of the wreckers—for such the men were who had waylaid Kenneth Mayne—had thus completely miscarried. They had seen the lighthouse-keeper in Rowanfalls while they were lounging in company at the door of the village inn, knew that his comrade was absent from his duties, and quickly laid their plans. They left the village together, waited in ambush for Kenneth Mayne as he made his way home, and assailed him in the manner described.

As soon as it grew dark the conspirators proceeded to a long, rugged reef that stretched out from the land far into the sea, almost covered by the water at high-tide, but lifting a jagged, saw-like ledge above the surface at low-water. Here the men raised a lamp, suspending it from a tripod of poles, and arranging it in such a manner that it slowly revolved, turning now a bright side, now a dark, towards the sea, and thus resembling at a distance the lamps of the real lighthouse.

But they had hardly lit their false beacon when they saw, to their rage and chagrin, the lighthouse itself flash forth its strong bright blaze. Their hopes of luring some unfortunate ship to its destruction upon the cruel reef, and securing a rich prize from the wreck, were frustrated. They knew of the presence of the lighthouse-keeper's son, but had never for a moment anticipated that the "wee cripple," as they called him, would have strength and spirit enough to manage the lamps.

But baffled in their designs, and enraged as they were, the wreckers were not so blinded by anger as not to perceive that it would answer no purpose of theirs to allow the lighthouse-keeper to remain all night as they had left him. It might only increase the chance of their detection in their attempted crime, or if anything happened to Mayne through a night's exposure, aggravate the case against them, if their deed ever did come to light. So they judged it safest to return to where they had left Mayne, and release him.

Long before Kenneth Mayne reached the lighthouse, of course, he saw that the lamps were alight, and when he did reach home and heard Willie's story, his joy and pride in his little lame son who had that night so bravely done his duty—as bravely as though he had had double his actual strength—could hardly find expression in words.

"Thank God, laddie!" he said; "thank God ye has been upborne this nicht to do your duty sae bravely and sae weel!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WISE WORDS FROM "JOHN PLOUGHMAN."

Self is always at home.

Water plants before they wither.

Soft words scald not the mouth.

Sunday is the summer of the week.

One tale is good till another is told.

Care makes a man old before his time.

That which covers thee discovers thee.

Mind the corner where life's road turns.

Christ saves sinners from being sinners.

Don't ask a great plaster for a small sore.

If you sow thorns, you will not reap roses.

Good stuff is often twisted into queer shapes.

Don't spare the butcher and fee the doctor.

Have no friends you dare not bring home.

One man's fault should be another man's lesson.

Flowers smell sweet whether men are near or not.

He who gives before we ask will give when we ask.

When prayers are strongest mercies are nearest.

The goodness of news half lies in the hearer's ears.

It's no use mending the tank when the water is gone.

Stand on your head, and the world will be upside down.

THE VERY CORE of healthy and happy discipleship is the willingness to deny self and to let the Master have His way. The principle runs through all the deepest, richest experience of the blood-bought and consecrated believer.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

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Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who lived as many years as there are days in one year?
2. What Old Testament prophet is designated in the New Testament as the preacher of righteousness?
3. Upon whom did a deep sleep fall with a vision of a burning lamp?
4. Whose name means laughter?
5. To what slave was the spirit of prophecy given?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 8.

1. Methuselah. Gen. 5: 27.
2. Solomon. 1 Kings 4: 30, 31.
3. Moses. Num. 12: 3.
4. Samson. Jud. 15: 16.
5. Og, King of Bashan. Deut. 3: 11.
6. Job. Job 1.
7. Abraham. Gen. 22: 2-12.
8. Elijah. 2 Kings 2: 11.

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